Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.
Ber. A Lemmon.
Lon. Stucke with Cloues.
Dum. No clouen.
Brag. The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty,
Gaue Hector a gift, the heire of Illion;
A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea
From morne till night, out of his Pauillion.
I am that Flower.
Dum. That Mint.
Long. That Cullambine.
Brag. Sweet Lord *Longauill*, reine thy tongue.
Lon. I must rather giue it the reine: for it runs against *Hector.*
Dum. I, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound.
Brag. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried:
But I will forward with my deuice;
Sweet Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

Berowne steps forth.

Qu. Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted.
Brag. I doe adore thy sweet Graces slipper.
Boy. Loues her by the foot.
Dum. He may not by the yard.
Brag. This Hector farre surmounted Hannibal.
The partie is gone.
Clow. Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two moneths on her way.
Brag. What meanest thou?
Clow. Faith vnlesse you play the honest Troyan, the poore Wench is cast away: she's quicke, the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours
Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou shalt die.
Clow. Then shall Hector be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.
Dum. Most rare *Pompey.*
Boy. Renowned *Pompey.*
Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great, *Pompey*: *Pompey* the huge.

Dum.

Dum. Hector trembles.
Ber. Pompey is moued, more Atees more Atees
or stirre them on.
Dum. Hector will challenge him.
Ber. I, if a'haue no more mans blood in's belly,
a Flea.
Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.
Clo. I will not fight with a pole like a North
flash, Ile doe it by the sword: I pray you let me
Armes againe.
Dum. Roome for the incensed Worthies.
Clo. Ile doe it in my shirt.
Dum. Most resolute *Pompey.*
Pag. Master, let me take you a butten hoole lo
not see *Pompey* is vncasing for the combat: what
you will lose your reputation.
Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I
bat in my shirt.
Du. You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made
Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.
Ber. What reason haue you for't?
Brag. The naked truth of it is, I haue no shirt.
I go woolward for penance.
Boy. True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* fo
nen: since when, Ile besworne he wore none, but
Iaquenettas, and that he weares next his heart for

Enter a Messenger, Mounsier Marca

Mar. God saue you Madame.
Qu. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou in
merriment.
Marc. I am sorrie Madam, for the newes I b
in my tongue. The King your father.
Qu. Dead for my life.
Mar. Euen so: My tale is told.
Ber. Worthies away, the Scene begins to clo
Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breat
the day of wrong, through the little hole of di
will right my selfe like a Souldier. *Exunt Wort*
Kin. How fare's your Maiestie?